

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Crossing The Bar.
Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And many there were no mourning of
The bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out
the boundless deep
Tears again home,
And evening bells,
And after that the morn,
And many there be no address of
farwold,
When I embark,
For tho' from out our bourne of
Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
—Alfred Tennyson.

A WAR TIME FUNERAL
The Burial of Captain of Sam'l. W. Brown, who fell at Manassas.
Memories associated with the evening of August 25, 1861, are so deeply impressed upon my mind they seem to have all the vividness of present reality as I recall them while writing this paper.
I was at McDowell, Virginia, and with two or three soldiers detailed as wardens and attendants of the hospital extemporized at this post was spending a few hours by invitation at one of the pleasant homes of that village. A young lady, for the time being a member of the household, entertained the visitors with more than ordinary beautiful music upon her piano, as it seemed to us after our hospital services of the past few weeks. The sweet songs impressed the most of her admiring listeners with tender thoughts of friends at home, and recalled thrilling memories of other times not long past when they had heard the same songs. One of her songs that seemed to move us most contained these words: "Ever of thee I fondly am dreaming."
When the company dispersed at a late hour, the soldiers to their places by their suffering comrades tossing with fevers and pains upon their pallets of straw, while I went to the residence of a friend nearby. Though the family had retired I had no trouble find the room so kindly placed at my service during my prolonged stay at the village.
I had not been long in before I heard some one tapping at the door, and upon opening I met a stranger who told me he had been there earlier in the evening, was shown this room and was to come to it should he not return until the family had retired for the night.
In the conversation that passed between us I learned that the stranger was in charge of a deceased officer, Capt. Sam'l. W. Brown of Greenbrier Sharp Shooters, wounded in the recent battle of Manassas, but had died at Staunton that morning, and was now attending the remains back to the mountain valley to be buried with his kindred.
His youthful wife was at Monterey, the home of her father the late Hon. W. W. Fleming, when she received news of her husband being wounded had been carried to Staunton. She hastened to meet him but found him unable to leave the hotel, prostrated as he was with his wound and a virulent attack of camp fever. For three weeks she was at his side with her tender, skillful ministrations, until the supreme hour when the young officer whispered his last words and calmly waited for the dying moment. The stranger told me that she was attending the remains and was somewhere in the house.
When all became silent I could hear the sigh and sobbing of the sorely bereaved one from the adjoining room. It seems something too strange to be possible that a few hours should bring about such contrasts. A few moments previously the thrilling songs of a joyous girl had en-

chanted all in hearing of her voice, and then to pass into the hearing of one almost as young and equally lovely passing a sleepless night in tears, refusing to be comforted.
In the morning when all met in the breakfast room there was silence and a thoughtful men rested on the features of all present. None seemingly dared to speak a word of comfort, lest it be deemed sacrilegious, trifling with grief too intense for any words they could think of. I was invited to lead in social worship, and in reading Scripture selections pertinent I endeavored to emphasize those words, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that fear Him."
I was invited to conduct the funeral services in the afternoon, but not being ready to go with the party I followed on an hour or two later. Upon reaching her home at Monterey how sad, I requested to see her and learn her wishes respecting the burial service. Upon being told that Mrs. Brown was in the parlor, I went there and found her kneeling at the head of the casket, around which she had thrown her arms in fond caress, absorbed in silent prayer for grace sufficient to enable her to bow in true submission to Her Heavenly Father's will, who had given and who had taken away the object of her purest and best affections. But a little more than a year previously I had seen her standing on the same spot, a happy bride on the morning of her marriage, surrounded not by smiling but tearful friends all seeming to have a presentiment even on that auspicious morning that the time could not be far removed when the bridal attire might be replaced with the vestments of mourning. After pausing a moment I gently closed the door, and retired across the hall, feeling that such a place was too sacred for me just then. In a little while she appeared with an expression of deep submission refusing her features. God had graciously heard his daughter's prayer and imparted her grace sufficient to realize that His strength would be sufficient for her.

With much composure and self possession she told me what services she wished at the house and at the grave. Thereupon arrangements were made for the devotional services preparatory to carrying the remains seven miles farther on to the newly made grave being prepared there. The devotional services included hymns "And let this feeble body fall," "Now firm is the foundation," the Scripture beginning "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me," and prayer.
The officers of the 1st Georgia Regiment had met their remains below Monterey and took charge as body guard and pall bearers, and were in such order as the service. Most of the regiment and many of the citizens were present at the services, and upon starting for the grave late in the afternoon went in advance beyond the town, when a halt was called, two ranks were formed, arms presented, and the funeral cortege passed on, the soldiers returning to their camp and many of the citizens to their homes. Nevertheless quite a procession attended the remains slowly over the mountain, leading to the Campbell graveyard at the head of Jacksons River. The following sentences are transcribed from the address made at the Monterey home:
"Of all the parting scenes I have witnessed in this war, none could have been more tender than was witnessed in West Greenbrier when Captain Brown crossed the threshold of his charming new home with his sword begrimed with the tears of those he loved."
"As he turned and looked for the last time upon his home and its inmates, in whose defence he was going forth to battle, there was scarcely a single probably of his ever returning again to soothe the anguish of the parting

hour, for to say nothing of his voice, and then to pass into the hearing of one almost as young and equally lovely passing a sleepless night in tears, refusing to be comforted.
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of the torches the body was gently lowered. A brief prayer was offered imploring our Heavenly Father—who does not afflict willingly or grieve the hearts of the children of men, to comfort those that mourn, and bind up the broken in heart. To teach us all to number our days that our hearts may be applied to wisdom coming from above that is first pure, then peaceable; to remember in his loving compassion our bleeding country and hasten a time of peace.
Then after the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust and earth to earth," the grave was filled in such a silent and gentle manner as to be very impressive, so near was midnight's hour.
And then it was pathetic to notice how slowly and reluctantly all at last turned away, leaving the young patriot's newly made grave adorned by the blending rays of moon and stars just as the Sabbath was ushered in. Captain Brown is one of the number respecting whom these lines are beautifully and touchingly realistic:
"Their lowliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave,
In the dear land that gave them birth,
They found their tranquil grave."
W. T. P.

Growing Cranberries.
Cranberries are found growing wild in different parts of this country. The most notable spot is the large Cranberry bog containing some three hundred acres at the head of the South Fork of Cranberry River and from which that stream takes its name.
In those years when the frosts do not interfere great quantity of berries are to be found growing wild in the moss and they are often gathered and placed on the local market. They are as much superior to the cultivated cranberry of commerce as is the wild strawberry to tasteless tames strawberries.
In the fall of the year deer hunters gather the berries and have cranberry sauce in camp to eat with venison.
The cranberry is a northern produce and the reason that it is found here is due solely to the great altitude.
From time immemorial the people of this county have wondered if there was profit in growing cranberries for the market. In November Pearsons is a long article concerning this berry that gives full and valuable information on this subject.
From it we gather that the raising of cranberries for the market would be practical anywhere in this county if the man with proper skill were engaged in the business. What is needed is a flat swampy piece of ground with a stream running through it which could be dammed and a sheet of water secured to cover the ground until this danger of frost in the spring could be avoided.
From it we judge that the cultivator of cranberries on the great bog at the head of Cranberry River would be impractical because the surface of the bog is not firm enough to hold soil in which the crop could be cultivated.
Cranberries were formerly called cranberries because the blue resembles the head and neck of a crane. The United States produce 1,300,000 bushels annually which are worth to the grower about three dollars a bushel.
Massachusetts produce sixty per cent; New Jersey, twenty four per cent; Wisconsin, eleven per cent and the rest of the crop is obtained from Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington and West Virginia.
The names of some of the cultivated plants are Early Black, Earl Red, Mathews, McFarlin, Howes, Chapman, and Centennial. About thirty thousand acres are in cultivation. It requires "waste swampy land and has an unquenchable thirst."
The cranberry is a low creeping shrub, with oblong evergreen leaves. It is allied to the huckleberry.
The cost of preparing and planting a cranberry bog will run from three hundred to three hundred and fifty dollars an acre and will yield from fifty to two hundred barrels an acre.
All attempts to divert the cranberry's preference for peaty and alluvial soils have proved a failure—it knows no compromise and will either have these or perish—and the manner in which its boggy home is made inhabitable may not be without interest.
The first step, technically called "turfing," is carefully to eliminate bushes, trees, grass and surface vegetation, cutting deep enough to destroy all roots of noxious weeds. Then the meadow or bog is graded until it is level enough to permit inundation without waste of water, and to hold eight or ten inches of the field below the surface of the soil. This operation implies of necessity a system of high dams for water storage purposes, of embankments to retain the flood, and of ditches to draw off the surplus during the season of growth. This throwing of cold water over the meadows delays the blooming of the plants until the danger from blighting frosts is reduced; it prevents the

plants from being "heaved out" by repeated freezing and thawing; it dries out the eggs of devastating insects. Without flooding, no succession of profitable crops from the same field is possible. In all localities where late spring frost threaten and insects swarm, it has been found advisable to cover the meadows with from eighteen inches to two feet of water from November to May.
The first step taken, the plantation is now ready for its coating, which consists of three or four inches of sand, freed from all clay and seed of weeds. This coating is put on for the purpose of killing grasses and choking out all insidious undergrowths. In regions adjacent to the coast the wind lends a helping hand to the laborer by blowing the sand to the borders of the bog, while in the interior district the elements are less friendly to man, and the covering must be hauled for miles. But here, too the law of compensation works its part; for the meadows of the latter are usually solid enough to permit the laying on of this surface soil by horse power, whereas in place like Cape Cod the work must be done by hand, and the sand wheeled in barrows over endless tracks of plants.
Planting and propagating now demand the grower's attention. Virgin meadows are rarely started in any other way than by cuttings; naturally the plant reproduces itself by offsets. Seed is used only to produce new varieties. The cuttings, when practical, are taken from the vigorous plants by mowing a part of the bearing meadow with a scythe. The portions of the vines thus secured are separated into wisps—each wisp containing from eight to fifteen stems—and forced into the sand at regular intervals with a broad, thin, wedge-shaped dibble, the blade of the tool being placed midway of the wisp, doubling the cuttings on themselves and pressing them into the soil at the same time. Experienced and successful growers do not limit their cuttings to selections from plants in local bogs; for cranberries vary as much as apples or peaches, and the best results in size, color and flavor can be obtained only by the importation of different varieties for the purpose of propagation. Planting must be done as early as the wisps can be mowed; but since the bearing meadows purposely remain flooded until after the middle of May as a protection against late frosts, this planting season seldom comes before June is well on the way or actually here.

Lieutenant Eugene Hutton
The remains of Lieutenant Eugene Hutton, who was killed in the Civil War have been removed from the Valley of Virginia and re-interred in the old Brick Church burying ground at Huttonsville. This was caused to be done by Col. E. Hutton, a brother. A large concourse of people attended the funeral ceremonies.
Lieut. Hutton was born at Huttonsville in 1840. At the date of his death he was Lieutenant of company C of the 20th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry of which his brother was captain.
He was killed in a battle with General Sheridan's forces at Banker Hill, nine miles from Winchester, on the morning of September 3, 1864.
He was mounted at the time. He had with his company been on the skirmish line all night and breakfast had been served to the soldiers on horseback. It was while eating breakfast that a bullet struck him in the heart killing him instantly.
The body was recovered and buried in the Lutheran burying ground at Newtown, from whence it was brought back this month and interred at Huttonsville.
At Parkersburg there was held the first annual meeting of the West Virginia State Board of Trade. Not only were there in attendance delegates from all the trade organizations of the State, the Editorial Association, etc., but the venerable ex-Senators Henry G. Davis and Johnson N. Camden, appropriately referred to as "these grand old men of West Virginia," were present to give liberally of their counsel, co-operation and means for the success of the undertaking. Gov. Wm. M. O. Dawson also attended and participated in the deliberations of the meeting. Specific declaration was made by the convention in favor of the completion of the Ohio river improvements at the earliest possible day, not to exceed 10 years' time, and for good roads in West Virginia. It was announced, however that everything affecting the material welfare of the State will engage the attention and care of the various committees of the organization, to the end that the State Board of Trade may become a powerful factor in securing a greater recognition of the State's resources and advantages, in improving conditions and in securing developments in manufacturing and all other lines. Annual meetings will hereafter be held, the next to occur at Charleston in October, 1906.

There will be fifty-three Sunday in this year, an occurrence that will not happen again for 110 years. This extra Sunday can be utilized in attending church, calling on your best girl, reading scripture, playing with the children, breaking a two-year old colt or in some other way. One hundred and ten years from now you will probably be paying the penalty or enjoying the pleasure of the method in which you choose to spend this extra Sunday.
—POINT PLEASANT REGISTER

The county Court of Fayette, fearing that the county has been imposed upon by bogus claims, has made an order that hereafter all claims, before being presented to the Court, must receive the approval of the Prosecuting Attorney.

"Dead Man's Hand" Drawn at Huntington.
Another "dead man's hand" goes on record in poker. William Simms, of Huntington, stock dealer and adventurer, while playing in the Little Queen City Club rooms of that city, last Friday night filled to a diamond royal flush and fell dead.
He had been winning steadily. Physicians say death resulted from excitement. The hand could not have been beaten.
Only one other instance of this kind is on record. A Westerner, who laid his last chip into a big "pot" on a chance of winning enough money to return home in the East, drew "eights and jacks" and won. When told to take the "pot" he was lifeless.
—POINT PLEASANT REGISTER

Christmas Season
Will soon be here, and we wish every one to remember that the most appropriate and lasting Christmas presents to be found anywhere, will be had at our store.
Our line of elegant and attractive Christmas goods are now arriving and will be complete by Dec. 1st, at which time they will be placed on exhibition.
Keep Your Eye on our Store.
And reserve your Christmas purchases until you have examined our stock.
Greenbrier Jewelry Company,
Marlinton, W. Va.

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